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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 16, 1899. NUMBER 25.

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THE FUTURE.

What may we take into the vast Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us,
We entered here:
No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
Naked we glide:
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 12 Sherman Street, Chicago.

THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Summary of Contents.—The accidental origin of the Christian Religion. The part taken by John the Baptist; his incentive to action; church neglect of him, and why. Origin of the word Christian. Why Christ was crucified. The teachings of Christ. Adoption of the books of the Old Testament enforced by Christ quoting them. Why so much of Paul and so little of Peter. Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed. Paul's recantation. The ascension. The origin, authorship and service of the Fourth Gospel. The need of faith. Westminster Catechism. Evident shame of the many authors of the Thirteenth Article of Religion. Why the sharp curtailment of the Epistle of James. Inertia of ideas. Importance of Inherited ideas, and the mental laws by which their errors are corrected. Guiding nature of the mental faculties. Courage, memory, imagination and conscience derived through other faculties; action of the latter. Natural depravity. Origin of money. Transformation of idle savages into laborers. Far-reaching effect of a certain edict of Justinian. Cause of the universality of Trinitarianism. Heroism and extinction of the Samaritans. Glimpses of New Testament accounts in the works of Josephus. The same circumstance started both Paul and Josephus on a journey to Rome; both were shipwrecked, etc. Two mentions of Jesus in the New Testament more accurately fit another Jesus mentioned by Josephus. An Egyptian mentioned by Josephus was undoubtedly Christ. (See Acts xxi, 38; Matt. ii, 15.) The "Testimony" an admitted interpolation. The words "who was called Christ," and the probable original words. Triplicate association of ideas suggest that Jesus may have had a rival in the person of Judas mentioned in Acts v, 37. Josephus' account of Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and eulogy of the latter; why that sect not mentioned in the new testament. Worldliness, Conversion, Immortality, closing with Supernatural Supervision.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in 'The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

* * * Such a book as indicated is "The Safe Side," by Richard M. Mitchell, of this city. * * * But in all this terribly destructive criticism it is manifest that the writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God, and in the unbroken life and development of the human soul throughout eternity. To him the distinction between good and evil is clear, notwithstanding the extinction of Christianity, as a system in his belief. Sin, wrong, he does not believe can be forgiven, but its penalty must be borne in remorse, retarded growth, etc. * * Read his book. * * *

The most remarkable features of the book are its simplicity of manner, its utter fearlessness of candor, its freedom from anything like a spirit of bitterness. It is a book that will be denounced by every orthodox speaker or writer, but they should not forget that denunciation is often, like a demurrer in legal proceedings, an admission of facts, and nearly always amounts to begging the question at issue. It is a book which for its matter, its thought, to say nothing of its manner, is thoroughly worthy of equally simple and complete refutation, if any one can achieve it.

The book is printed on best laid paper, cloth binding, 475 pages, 12 mo. **Price, 1.50,** delivered prepaid to all points by mail or express.

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,

185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1899. NUMBER 25.

UNITY extends its congratulations to Samuel J. Barrows, who has been selected by the President to take the place of John Russell Young as the librarian of Congress. Whether as stenographer, newspaper reporter, Unitarian minister, editor of the *Christian Register*, member of Congress or chief of the most beautiful building in America, a custodian of the literary treasures of the nation, Samuel J. Barrows is ever the same courteous, competent, many-sided, open-minded, warm-hearted man. For nearly a quarter of a century the writer of this note has been privileged to enjoy his companionship, coöperation and hospitality. The nation is to be congratulated on securing the service of so efficient a librarian.

The struggle for existence, if not the survival of the fittest, is manifest in the newspaper world, as elsewhere. The *Humane Alliance* is hereafter to be known as *The Animal World*, and passes into the possession of the Nature Publishing Company of New York City. The *Voice* is henceforth *The New Voice* and has changed its form and greatly improved its quality. It is now a sixteen-page paper, profusely illustrated—a paper that has widened its scope and hopes to find patronage reached through news stands and other popular means of distribution. Both these papers stand for high causes, and with them UNITY holds much in common. We hope for them an enlarged career in their new dress.

A pamphlet from the pen of Catherine Helen Spence of Australia describes proportional representation as "effective voting." She says it means that "instead of elections being decided by majorities in small districts, by which nearly half of the votes are wasted, all of the votes are to be used in large districts and the representatives are returned in proportion to the number of votes, who hold certain opinions all over the enlarged constituency." Perhaps there is no way of purifying our city councils until the members are elected for the whole city on one ticket, and the successful candidates being determined on this principle. After the initiative and referendum must come proportional representation. Until it comes democracy halts on its way to fruition.

We trust and hope that those who are pessimistic concerning Chicago's recent political improvement will keep their eye on the states attorney's office. There is vigor and an honest purpose exhibited there that should greatly encourage our citizens. The "jakern" system of prosecution, or lack of prosecution, for offenders against public morals no longer holds. We have not yet had such results as we hope for, but Mr. Deneen has still time to put some lawyers and some officials where they belong. As a strong party man, he seems the one man to whom both machine and people have thus far been able to point with pride. The people will point with more pride when he lands some parts of the machine in the junk-pile down the canal.

The last significant sign of the times in the theological world is the announcement made last Sunday from the University Congregational Church of Chicago by its pastor, Dr. N. I. Rubinkam, we suspect the freest declaration yet made by a Congregational church in good standing with the alleged trinitarian fellowship of that name. Mr. Rubinkam, following the example of Doctor Gunsaulus with Plymouth Church, has far outreached that church in clearness of statement and openness of purpose. Pastor and people have now a chance, indeed, of establishing a University Church. Well equipped for a working church, located under the shadow of the Chicago University, they are prepared to minister to the young men and women of the University who need a religious followship that will minister to their physical, social, intellectual, moral and religious well-being. The following is the new bond of union which has been unanimously indorsed by the membership:

> "We, the undersigned, are associated together for the worship of God, instruction in religion, mutual helpfulness in the spiritual life and for service to our fellowmen.
>
> "We believe the two laws of love toward God and love toward our neighbor to be the fundamental and all-inclusive ideal of every true life.
>
> "In subscribing ourselves members of the University Congregational Church we declare it our purpose to strive to make the spirit of Christ dominant in our lives and in all the relations of men to each other."

The lucid daily press has announced that "The REBELS have been soundly trounced." They have raised their impudent yellow hands against their lawful sovereign, McKinley I., and they have been trounced. "Trounced" is a good word to express the gentle correction administered to these impious "Rebels." Ignorance of the law excuses no one. *Ignorantia Legis Neminem Excusat.* They did not know they were our property; they do not read our bellicose daily papers; they have not tapped the wires to catch the matchless drivel of Kipling's latest. Though the mouths of many are stopped with the ooze of their rice fields, though their homes are made desolate and their houses destroyed, the saddest part of it all is that they died without a sense of their own ignorant impiety, and without the enlightenment that the Press and the Prophet might have given them. They had no time for repentance, and so Duty and Destiny and planted flags are carrying the gospel of Christian love to the uttermost parts of the earth and the white man's burden is heavy on us. There are tears and sad hearts on this side of the Pacific, too. The precious blood of our young men has been shed, that

flags may float and heathen be converted and the Standard Oil Company have a new outlet for its goods, and the daily papers have readier sale.

The legal lore of the Philippinos has been acquired a trifle late, but in the "trouncing" these "Rebels" have received and in the slaughter of upward of 2,000 of them, they must have learned of their allegiance to Congress which created them, and must have taken their first tottering steps toward an understanding of constitutional liberty.

Yes, they are traitors, every one. They are villains with black moustaches and large diamonds. Hoar and Cleveland and Sumner and Woolsey and everyone of those who have given comfort to the foe. It is a mere incidental that the foe didn't want us in his house with burgling tools, and as he shot at us of course we shot back. And now men whom he thought we could honor have proven themselves "ter-r-r-aytors" in the view of every "patriot" that has ground himself through the party machine and has emerged as free from spinal column or original flavor as the average sausage. When the "patriots" have had a lot more soldiers killed in a land where they do not belong, either on moral or selfish grounds, when the foe is driven in sullen retirement into swamps where we cannot dislodge him, when the American people have reaped sufficient glory and paid enough war tax, then maybe the "patriot" will remember the "ter-r-r-aytor" and his advice "to get out and stay out."

How to Make Patriots.

February ought to be consecration month to American citizens. Seldom has a nation been privileged to have two holidays in one month, both rooted in such high inspirations. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are names to conjure with. To one was given the shaping of a new government, to start a fresh stream of human energy and human ambition; to the other, to purify that stream, clarify it of the sediment of cruelty and slavery that had been borne into its waters by the tributaries of the older world. These birthday festivals raise the fundamental question of the United States, How are we to raise patriots worthy the memory of George Washington, capable of preserving unsullied the name of Abraham Lincoln? How are the traditions of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, Valley Forge and Vicksburg, to be conserved?

We assume that patriots can be made. There is always raw material at hand out of which noble, clean and high citizens may be created.

We also assume that the patriot must be made. He is not born. Every babe is a crying bit of selfdom. He is conscious only of his own wants and promptly protests if these are not respected to the exclusion of all other interests and to the neglect of all other wants. The United States has always a large number of grown-up people who are still in this baby stage. All such are unworthy the name and incapable of the emotions of the patriot. The state to them is an orchard from which they are to gather the rarest apples and the most luscious plums for their own barrels. There must be in every patriot an element of disinterestedness. The interest of the lower self must be subordinated to that of the state. Time, money, life, he must hold in trust ready to administer even to the last penny or the last drop of blood in the interest of his country.

Next, the patriot must be intelligent else he will be an incompetent trustee of the inheritance bequeathed him. He must have brain as well as heart. He cannot fight the battles of liberty who knows not the enemy he is to meet and understands not the watchword he is to shout. The American patriot follows not a king, but a principle. He dies not blindly, even for his flag, but for the idea the flag should stand for.

For the above reasons the American patriot is never the politician who lays his miserable plans for self-advancement, nor is he the partisan who blindly shouts for his party right or wrong; neither is he the victim of clanishness. The prejudices of nationality must never form the limitations of the true citizen of the United States. The old cry of "white man's government" must not return under the guise of the new cry, "white man's burden," for underneath the tawny skin there runs red blood and under the black brow of Frederick Douglass there worked a mighty brain. And the almond-eyed Confucius taught reciprocity and was a prophet of statesmanship.

This process of making patriots must begin early and continue long. It is the work of the schools and the task of the church. Church, school and home must combine in the task of making patriots. Just now we see how they have neglected the highest lesson in patriotism, i. e., that peace makes more severe demands upon the soul than war; that prosperity brings greater responsibilities than poverty; that it is easier to make a loyal wage earner than a loyal capitalist. We must breed patriots that will disarm monopolies, crush the savage trusts and bring disallusion to the glamors of war, the shallow triumphs of the battlefield and the mean glory of conquest justified by commercial reasons or that mock missionary work that seeks to Christianize the humbler children of men by means of the bayonet and to humanize them by killing them.

Lincoln.

Ninety years ago to-day one was born to whom not only his native land, but all humanity, can apply in grateful and admiring memory the grandest words of hopeful prediction that ever fell from prophetic lips. "Unto us a child is given, a son is born; upon his shoulders the dominion; he is the wonderful, mighty counselor, a prince of peace." Lincoln is triumphant democracy personified. His cradle amid surroundings recalling the circumstances of another Messianic birth; his youth spent under the stress of poverty of body and soul and mind which might have smothered the light out of an ordinary heart.

His rays of struggling manhood, overclouded by personal and national difficulties under which most men might have succumbed. His greatness revealed amid the flashes of a hurricane, at which stoutest

minds stood aghast. His death the seal upon a renewed covenant between sisters for a time estranged and his fame the property of all mankind, dimming the luster of warriors and statesmen to the purple born; a career in its wonderful pathos and power furnishing a glorious comment on the old Hebrew poet's note of triumphant confidence: "He lifteth up the lowly from their poverty to set them among the princes, yea the princes of his people."

He who sang thus lived in a divinely appointed democracy, for theocracy is but another way of spelling democracy. And our martyred president will stand forth in the record of whirling time as the one personality in whom centered all the possibilities and potencies of such a democracy and from whom radiated outward the warming and quickening beams streaming out from the hearthfire of liberty cuirassed in law.

Such a memory is a priceless treasure. The nation that is privileged to stand guard over this ring of the Niebelungen, as it were, has access to secret seats of power, which, to possess, has come only to a few among the dwellers on God's footstool. Shall the precious spell of the patron name of this day not stir us to serious reflections? Shall not this be our tribute to his manes that we ponder over the implications of our obligations to give a greater reality to the principles of which his life is the exponent and his memory is the appeal?

Triumphant democracy presupposes an intelligent body of voters. The eighteenth century pinned its faith on the common sense of men. Our later political philosophy adds another qualification. This common sense must be an enlightened common sense. It has been proposed to limit the franchise by educational qualifications. The abandonment of the principle of manhood suffrage therein involved must render us from the very outset suspicious of the proposal. But who will deny that voters shall be enlightened voters?

The system of public education in vogue among us is an indispensable corelative of our political doctrine. Enlightenment, however, does not consist of knowledge; it is also involved in motives. We need a responsible body of voters conscious of the moral responsibility involved in the duty of self-government. And here is the point where the caller for the day of better things will find his provocation. Self-interest and selfishness are fatal to the atmosphere of a true democracy. When the one question which impels men is the solicitude for what there is in it for them democracy often is a mere misnomer for the worst form of despotism.

Corruption and its brood of unnumbered evils is the bastard of the union of rotten selfishness with the shameless caricature of popular liberties. Civic pride and virtue must be more precious in a true democracy than gold or silver. How far democracy can continue if economic independence is more and more rendered illusory by the pressure of competitive industrialism is a very serious problem. They are not few who prophecy that popular government is bound to be a failure unless the people as a whole enjoy economic independence. Industrial slavery is at all events a sorry frame wherein to exhibit the beauties of political liberty.

This is the perplexity growing from more to more with each recurrent year. But let us be hopeful. A nation baptized by the memory of the great emancipator of the slaves must find the secret of how to avoid forging shackles of economic slavery for its own children. Triumphant democracy cannot wear the helmet of the war god. Aggression cannot be its temper. It must be a prince of peace. Militarism shall have no apologists and prophets among a free people. The plow, and not the sword, is the emblem of the people's consecration to the ideals of liberty.

February 13, 1899. E. G. HIRSCH.

"It."

Of course we common people must pause in our labors of plowing and sowing and reaping to contemplate and envy the beautiful birds of "society" that flit among the branches of the social tree. Of course we look first at the local birds on the lower limbs, and higher and higher our eyes climb and our envy grows, and gayer and gayer grow the colors. At the very topmost tip sits a fat red bird known as the Prince of Wales, and when he puffs himself out and squeaks all the parrots and jays and the cuckoos stop their melodies and listen with awe and wonderment, for he is *It*.

The Associated Press sends a "news" note from London:

> London, February 11.—London is to have another great bazaar, which is expected to eclipse the successful press bazaar of last year. It will be held at the Niagara Skating Rink in June, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. The arrangements are on a grandiose scale.
>
> Practically every duchess and every woman of note in London society will aid in some way or another. Mrs. John W. Mackay will take the American stall, assisted by her daughter, Princess Colonna, and Mesdames Clarence Mackaye, Bradley Martin and Ronalds.
>
> A rich American has presented a whole American bar outfit, which will be in the hands of Mrs. Brown Potter. The latter was present at the Devonshire reception on Tuesday, and it was whispered that the invitation was sent at the instance of the Prince of Wales.

What a delicious whisper. *"It"* has caused the bidding of Mrs. Brown Potter to mix American drinks at an "American Bar" for the best and richest and stupidest and most decayed and degenerate society. Mrs. Brown Potter, who became notable by first carefully becoming notorious. Step up, Dukes and Duchesses; step up Princess; be lively there, you dear, lamented bonanza *emigres*. *"It"* is paying for this round of drinks, and that emaciated, histrionic failure, but glittering scandal-making success is twirling the spoon and forking out the sausages.

Alas! What a shame it is that so many of the thousand million of earth's inhabitants are to be deprived of the sight of She and It and will go down to their graves without a cocktail mixed by the risqué lady whom it is slyly "whispered" in the Associated Press dispatches (a whisper such as a mogul engine uses when letting off steam) was bidden by the Prince of Wales.

What a shame we cannot all of us crawl around the toad-like party who has rummaged the dust heaps of the stage and society to find just such ladies for just such jobs. Well, we can't all be *"It,"* but we can try. We can envy and imitate, and if we can make or steal money enough our children may some day approach near enough *Its* throne to buy an American Bar for *Its* friends to patronize. 'Twere a noble ambition, anyway, even if it should fail.

The Crow's Wing.

Curving sweep of a burnished wing
Black as the gloom of a winter night,
Strong in a sense of hardy flight
Over the woods and the mountain height,
Winds and the white moon following.

What though the lightning's fancies played
Hide and seek in the darkling skies,
Thou on the storm's broad breast didst rise,
Sailing on as an arrow flies
Loosed at a foeman's ambuscade.

What though the hail made fierce attack,
Beating down on thine eboned wings,
Rain that chills and the sleet that stings,
Naught to thee were these buffetings,
Borne along in the tempest-wrack.

Holding still to thine airy path
Silent, stern as the seat of fate,
Thou hast learned to watch and wait,
Morn break soon or the stars rise late,
Come what may for the aftermath.

Send my soul on a sable wing
Death, when the darkness falls on me;
Let me wander by land and sea
Free as the crow's flight, yea, as free,
Winds and the white moon following.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

The Problem of the High School.

I. THE OPEN DOOR.

The problem of the high school is not limited to four years. It begins long before the high school is reached. It extends many years after the high school is passed. The material that presents itself at the door of the high school has been under some sort of formative influence for a variable period, but usually at least fourteen years. In addition, there is heredity. Culture begins with our grandfathers.

The door of the high school is usually locked. The "Open Sesame" is an entrance examination. This assumes that the work of the high school is built upon the work of the lower schools, and, to be successful, requires a foundation of specific and formal instruction. In reality, this condition does not exist. The work of the high school is, or may be, purely initial. The whole array of studies—English, history, foreign language, mathematics, science, art and handicraft—may be profitably faced by the right sort of human material if equipped only with an elementary knowledge of reading and writing—I omit arithmetic. It is wise, I believe, for the high school to assume no previous specific knowledge on the part of the incoming children, and this is said without any reflection on the work of the lower school. What are wanted to make the human material of the right sort are maturity and earnestness; and these are not the products of specific information; they are the products of wholesome living. It seems to me therefore as scientific as it is generous to open wide the door of the high school and to welcome with a cordial heart all children of fourteen or over who show an average maturity of thought and who have the will to enter joyously upon the work of the school. The boy or girl who says "I *want* to come" is more than half equipped.

The open door of the high school makes possible that scheme of organic education which I have elsewhere advocated*—a scheme which devotes the first fourteen years of life to gymnastic and musical and manual training and spoken language, and whose aim it is to produce children who are wholesome and full-blooded and accomplished and beautiful. The closed door is responsible in part for the impossible tasks which the lower schools constantly propose for themselves, and it is responsible in still larger part for the pressure which squeezes so much joy and beauty out of the life of childhood. The open door, on the other hand, leaves the lower schools free and tends to diminish the too great palpitation in our educational heart-beat. It has, moreover, the great advantage of saving the high school from many disappointments. It is far safer to build upon the rock of admitted ignorance than upon the sand of assumed knowledge.

*See The Atlantic Monthly for June.

II. THE CURRICULUM.

In framing a course of high school study which presupposes no specific preparation, one is not attempting an impossible task. The difficulty is not here. The real difficulty lies in meeting the somewhat complex conditions within and beyond the high school. As I see these conditions, they are at least fourfold. The curriculum must provide a suitable secondary education for those who pass directly from the high school into the great world of affairs. It must offer adequate college preparation for those who decide even at the eleventh hour to go to college. Again, it ought in our own case to be the open door through which students may pass to the technical departments of the Institute. And, finally, it must be remembered, once and always, that for various reasons at least half the children who enter the high school fail to graduate, and that in consequence the curriculum renders greater service if it offers concentrated courses occupying short periods, rather than attenuated courses running throughout the four years.

The first and last of these four conditions may perhaps be regarded as the most important, since the other two, if wholesome, really grow out of the first. Given four years—from fourteen to eighteen, the very prime of youth—the problem is how to expend them to the utmost advantage. It is desirable that the high school should impart certain specific information—knowledge of a very definite and accurate kind. It is still more desirable that it should develop a sane attitude toward the issues of life. It is possible to combine these requirements. Life itself is one long attempt to express one's self, and I therefore place the greater emphasis upon those studies which have to do with expression—that is, upon English, mathematics and organic work (music, drawing and manual training)—than I do upon the purely assimilative and descriptive studies. The ability to use good English is not a mere accomplishment, a superficial social charm. It is much deeper than this. It is the ability to comprehend and to discriminate values. It goes only with sound, clear thinking. The French have a little proverb which I much esteem—*L'expression, c'est tout.* Mathematics offers the same opportunity and imposes the same test. Failure is significant. It means mental failure, an inability or an unwillingness to think clearly, and is more deplorable humanly speaking than technically. Art and handicraft are in their very essence forms of expression. Such an estimate does not discredit the descriptive branches—history, language and science—since these offer valuable material for the human spirit to work over into life.

It is a large part of the wise curriculum not only to provide suitable studies, but also to allow due flexibility. There are differences of temperament which may not be disregarded, and hence the necessity for alternative courses allowing adequate scope for the mind of artistic bent or mechanical or linguistic or mathematical.

The same road that leads to an admirable daily life ought also to lead to college. This is not yet quite true in fact, but it is increasingly true. The discrepancy is accountable for much of the pressure in our preparatory schools. I look forward to a time when the colleges also will declare the open door, and will throw the responsibility of entrance where it belongs —uopn the students themselves. The collegiate energy will have ample outlet for its activity if it devotes

itself to the task of ably presenting the subjects which it pretends to teach. Such an open door to both high school and college would enable them to become centers of culture for the whole community, old and young, and would make unnecessary the unsuccessful attempt of university extension.

III. THE SPECIAL STUDENT.

It is sound ground, I think, to hold that a high school has in itself no requirements, but exists purely for social service. The greater the service the more fully does the high school fulfill its mission. To serve others, one must give what *they* need, not what one thinks they ought to need; and one must do it in their way, not in one's own. The regular four-year course represents the best of a high school, but there are people whose time or health or inclination does not compass so large a plan, and their more limited needs are not unimportant. In opening its classes to the special student, the high school increases its own worth by enlarging its measure of service. It is quite reasonable to expect that the special work will be as earnest as the regular work, and it is quite possible to make it so. The greater the necessity of the special student, the greater our opportunity.

IV. THE SIGN AND SYMBOL.

After all has been done and said, the work of the high school must be judged by its result, and this both within the school and afterward in life. If the teachers are not serene and joyous, if the scholars are not bright and happy, there is something seriously amiss. Looking upon the wrecks of men and women to be met daily in the teaching profession, one may well tremble for one's own safety. It was Emerson who said, "Who cares what you do, if you spoil yourself in the doing?" If this ruin were an essential part of the work I should be for sounding a cry of warning and for escaping, myself, to the mountain. But it is not essential. The human failure means likewise scholastic failure. When you sacrifice yourself, you sacrifice your cause. It is the same with the children. If they are not living the life and breathing the air and seeing the light, if they have not enthusiasm and hope and faith, their studies are but so much idle chatter and could quite well be dispensed with. After the four years, in the great world beyond, the test of results is equally serious. To what sort of daily living has the high school led up? The most elaborate drill imaginable, the most unimpeachable information, would be very chaff, if along with them have not gone an adequate plan of life and a social idea that is excellent. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The real fruits of the high school are human, not academic. It seems to me that the supreme duty and the supreme opportunity of the high school consist in starting its young people upon careers of sweet reasonableness, in the college, in the home, in the world of practical endeavor. Life is so good and so glorious! Shame upon us if we do not open the eyes of our children to the glory that is, and is to be.

I have barely stated the problem of the high school. The present occasion does not allow its elaboration. I have, however, been glad to indicate what seems to me the spirit in which this problem will finally be solved.—*C. Hanford Henderson, from the Pratt Institute Monthly.*

The Poor Man's Club.

The ministerial apologist for the saloon is once more to the front. He may confidently be expected at stated intervals like the seven-year locusts. With a smile that is child-like and bland, he steps to his elevated pulpit and in a few moments furnishes the saloonkeepers and their supporters with ammunition enough to last them until the next ministerial Don Quixote rises to explain. The press spreads their utterances broadcast. It seems to them such a good joke to find a clergyman approving of the sum of all vallianies that they give it almost as startling headlines as they do the last murder of a woman by her husband, who had made himself drunk for the occasion in some of these poor men's clubs, which are being whitewashed by advanced clericals. Dr. Rainsford and Bishop Potter are the latest apologists of note, but there are lesser lights who occasionally send forth a feeble ray. There is required a certain amount of courage to defend the saloon as it exists at present, and there are few laymen who undertake the job. They are presumably better acquainted with the subject than the priests, and that may account for their reticence.

That men need, and will have, some place to congregate for social enjoyment, and that the saloons furnish such resorts, is the argument. Poor men's clubs is the captivating title now bestowed upon them. The idea of such gathering places being a necessity is not new to temperance workers. They have for many years operated coffee houses, which are as near like saloons as possible, with the exception that a harmless drink is dispensed in place of a deadly one. If these houses have not been very successful in this country it is from the lack of interest taken in them by the better classes. There are many of them in England, and their number and influence are increasing. If they could receive half the free advertising which the saloons get they would soon become a power in every city. There is, of course, a truth contained in the plea for these free and easy social centers. We admit it, and earnestly desire substitutes for saloons as at present run, which shall be shorn of their fatal tendencies. The talk of moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages sounds well, but its practical working is marked only by distinction. This is in the nature of things. A poison cannot be continuously used in moderation. It calls imperiously for an increase of quantity. It creates that physical condition which makes that increase a necessity. After a certain time the human will is practically powerless to resist that demand. A diseased condition has been attained, whose tortures can only be alleviated by more poison. The extreme gnawings of the appetite created by a poison are so indescribable that even a De Quincey failed adequately to set them forth. I knew a man over whom liquor had attained this mastery, but who was determined to conquer it. One day he left his business and went to his home, and told his wife he could not longer resist his longing for liquor and desired her to lock him into his chamber and not to let him out, whatever he might do. She did so, and his sufferings became so unendurable that in the course of a few hours he jumped out of the high chamber window, at the risk of his life, and made his way to a "poor man's club," where he began a long and terrible debauch. Every man who drinks moderately faces the dreadful possibility of such slavery to a diseased appetite as this. There are possibly a few exceptions, but after a certain period of continued indulgence, most men reach the point where resistance is torturing, and practically impossible. I am happy to say that my friend who jumped out of the window conquered his appetite at last, and lived many years a total abstainer, but he had periodical struggles to the last. The Keely cure is a priceless boon to such men as this. There is no longer a doubt but that it does destroy this horrible craving for liquor, and that if the man thus relieved has sufficient manhood left to desire reformation, reformation is possible without such fearful suffering as attends attempts made without its aid. Any saloon, however high-toned or well conducted, tends to the formation of this diseased condition. Liquor, however moderately drunk, tends to such formation. This is why we cannot compromise with

the drinking places. We can adopt their idea of being social centers, but without their terrible temptations. It is their social qualities that makes them so unspeakably dangerous. In the beginning their victims do not go exclusively to drink. But the time soon comes when to drink is the dire necessity. Saloon-keepers know this and count upon it. They know, also, that after a man reaches that stage he does not as a rule last long, and they are always alert to get recruits. Here are the words of an officer of the Liquor League of Ohio, as given by the *Presbyterian Banner*. He was addressing his friends, the saloon men: "The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make this suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite." How do well-meaning but impracticable clergymen relish this fiendish proposition? That some of them are sincere even in their advocacy of moderate drinking I do not doubt. I knew such an one many years ago. At the time of my acquaintance with him he had retired from the ministry, but he had been for a long time a popular and favorite preacher. He believed that a little wine was not only harmless, but useful, and was beginning to put his belief in practice. He quoted with enthusiasm the favorite argument—so long since exploded—that in wine-drinking countries there was no intemperance, and could equal the most advanced minister of all in telling how much more intemperate the reformers were than the steady but moderate drinkers; and how lamentable it was that the fanatics should be so much to the fore in the temperance propaganda. I saw him at intervals for several years thereafter and could but take note of the change which was coming over him, physically, mentally and morally. He lost his business, became very poor, lost social position, lost mental grip; and he had been a man not only of talent, but even genius, and his fine body gradually became a wreck. Of course he had taken to strong liquors by this time and was going at a headlong pace. How completely he had come under their control will be seen by the following incident, related to me by one of the most distinguished women of this country, who was an eye-witness of it. His favorite child had died a most horrible death from hydrophobia, and my friend had been with the family during the terrible ordeal. She also remained after the death, and was doing all in her power to keep the man sober until after the funeral. He was overcome with sorrow, and more than penitent for all his faults. But in the course of the first day he found that he was being closely watched, and grew fearfully restless under the new restraint put upon him. The second day she noticed that he paid frequent visits to the room where the dead boy lay, and that his nerves grew steadier. She watched him and found that he had a bottle of whisky hidden in his child's coffin, to which he resorted at intervals. Who shall say what the terrible pressure was that appetite put upon that man and puts upon thousands of others every day, before our eyes. And yet men like this one, high-minded, conscientious, can be found to say that light drinks are not dangerous and that the saloon has a useful place in the economy of the world. I do not question their motives. I believe in their sincerity. I believe they mean to do good and not harm. But I pray God they may see the possibility of evil in their utterances and how they may innocently encourage men to enter upon this awful downward course.

Columbus, Wis. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Good Poetry.

The Last Ride Together.

I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
And this besides, if you will not blame,
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two
With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening star's at once—
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise; starshine, too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.
What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought—All labor, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?
We ride and I see her bosom heave.
There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A solder's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best,
And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
'Tis something, nay 'tis much; but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men?
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who never have turned a rhyme?
Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn

To yonder girl that fords the burn!
You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grown gray
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
"Greatly his opera's strains intend,
Put in music we know how fashions end!"
I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two
With life for ever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

—*Robert Browning.*

Curiosities of Literature.

Our modern preachers have gone far from the old-time ministry. It matters not how much they protest the inspiration of the scriptures, from cover to cover, in every word, verse, semicolon and comma thereof, they are prone to fly the track and get off on tangents and philosophies of their own. It will be interesting to read a little of the "firstly," "secondly" expounding of John Cotton, a New England Divine, 1607-1675:

AN EXPOSITION OF HYPOCRITES.

(The New Covenant, 1654.)

All the men in the world are divided into two ranks, godly or ungodly, righteous or wicked; of wicked men two sorts: some are notoriously wicked, others are Hypocrites; of Hypocrites two sorts (and you shall find them in the Church of God): some are washed Swine, others are Goats.

The Swine are those of whom our Saviour Christ saith: "That they return unto their wallowing in the mire;" like unto these are such men who at the hearing of some sermons have been stomach-sick of their sins, and have rejected their wicked courses; but yet the swine's heart remaineth in them, as a Swine when he cometh where the puddle is will readily lie down in it, so will these men wallow in the puddle of uncleanliness when their conscience is not pricked for the present; but these are a grosser kind of Hypocrites.

There is another sort that go far beyond these, and they are Goats, so called, Matt. xxv. 32, 33, and these are clean beasts such as chew the cud, meditate upon Ordinances, and they divide the hoof; they live both in a general and particular calling, and will not be idle. They are also fit for sacrifice; what then is wanting? Truly they are not sheep all this while, they are but Goats, yet a Goat doth loathe that which a Swine will readily break into. But where then do they fall short of the nature of sheep? A difference there is, which standeth principally in these particulars:

1. The Goat is of a Capricious nature, and affecteth Eminency; his gait also, is stately. Prov. xxx. 30. Augur reckoneth the he-goat among the four things that are comely in going. And they are full of Ambition; they cannot abide swamps and holes, but will be climbing upon the tops of mountains; there is not that plain, lowly, sheepish frame that attendeth unto the voice of the Shepherd, to be led up and down in fresh pastures; they attend upon their ends and will outshoot God in his own Bow, and therefore when they have done many things for Christ he will say unto them: "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." More Eminency they did affect than they were guided unto. Thus it was with Jehu, who, in his zeal for God thought to promote himself, and herein he will not be persuaded of his sin, and therefore going into crooked ways he cometh at length to cleave unto the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin; yet notwithstanding you may receive a Goat into Church-fellowship for all his capricious nature, and he will be a clean creature and of much good use.

2. They are of a Rankish nature, all of them, specially the old Goats will have an unsavory relish, far from that pleasant sweetness that is in a sheep; and herein Hypocrites are greatly different from the sheep of Christ as the Prophet speaketh, Ezek. xxxiv. 21, and they mar the pastures with their feet, and will be at length muddling the fair waters of the Sanctuary also; and in your best sanctification they fall far short of a sheep-like frame of spirit, diligently to hear the voice of the Shepherd; this will not be found in the sanctification of the best Hypocrite under Heaven, they may go far, and yet fall away, and this is no Arminianism, but if you search the Scriptures diligently, you will find these things to be true.

* * * *

Nathaniel Ward, a cotemporary, had very definite ideas on the relative merits of England and Ireland. There is no chicken-hearted, treasonable, anti-expansion about Nathaniel. He knew what was good for Ireland and said it right out. He would make a fine militant missionary to-day. Sad it is that he died without seeing the rapid conversions of that maxim that is not a Golden Rule maxim:

A WORD TO ENGLAND.

Go on brave Englishmen, in the Name of God, go on prosperously, because of truth and righteousness. Ye that have the cause of Religion, the life of your Kingdom and of all the good that is in it in your hands: Go on undauntedly. As you are called and chosen, so be faithful. Ye fight the battles of the Lord, be neither desidiose nor perfidious. You serve the King of Kings, who styles you his heavenly Regiments, consider well, what impregnable fighting it is in heaven, where the Lord of Hosts is your General, his Angels your Colonels, the Stars your Fellow-soldiers, his Saints your Orators, his Promises your Victuallers, his Truth your Trenches; where Drums are Harps, Trumpets, joyful sounds; your Ensigns Christ's Banners; where your weapons and armor are spiritual, therefore irresistible, therefore impierceable; where Sun and Wind cannot disadvantage you, you are above them; where Hell itself cannot hurt you, where your Swords are furbished and sharpened by him that made their Metal, where your wounds are bound up with the oil of a good Cause, where your blood runs into the Veins of Christ, where sudden death is present Martyrdom and Life; your Funerals Resurrections, your honor Glory, where your widows and babes are received into perpetual Pensions; your Names listed among David's Worthies; where your greatest losses are greatest gains; and where you leave the troubles of War, to lie down in beds of eternal rest.

A WORD OF IRELAND.

Not of the Nation universally, nor of any man in it, that hath so much as one hair of Christianity or Humanity growing on his Head or Beard, but only of the truculent Cutthroats, and such as shall take up Arms in their Defense.

These Irish anciently called Anthropophagi, man-eaters, have a tradition among them, that when the Devil showed our Saviour all the Kingdoms of the Earth and their glory, that he would not show him Ireland, but reserved it for himself; it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox foresaw it would eclipse the glory of all the rest. He thought it wisdom to keep the Land for a Boggards for his unclean spirits employed in this Hemisphere, and the people, to do his son and heir, I mean the Pope, that service for which Louis the Eleventh kept his Barber Oliver, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are the very Offal of men, dregs of mankind, reproach of Christendom, the Bots that crawl on the Beast's tail, I wonder Rome itself is not ashamed of them.

I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us, and cursed be he that shall do that work of the Lord negligently. Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood; yea, cursed be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood, that doth not recompense them double for their hellish treachery to the English, that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a dwelling place for Dragons, an Astonishment to Nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly.

We are indebted for these and other selections in this department to Stedman's splendid "Library of American Literature."

There is no defeat except from within. There is no failure except in no longer trying.—*Robert Burns Wilson.*

Out Doors.

The sad ages have groaned with the burden of pastoral mendacity. The gentle sheep has been the cause of more high and lofty lying than even the more intelligent fish. Clumsy, dirty little lambs, in their absurd trippings over their own long legs, have inspired the squealy notes of minor poetry, while the unrequitted amours of sheep herders of both sexes have filled volumes and added to the cumulating burden of the years. A Greek poetry peddler named Theocritus seems to have started the fad. A pink tea imitator named Vergil, who wrote on "Gentleman Farming" for the best Roman circles, carried it along. It is wonderful that Augustus Cæsar never revoked Publius' poetic license, for Augustus had a pretty hand at discipline, but may have been weak on literature. If you want to know the sheep and the sheep herder leave your poesy at home. Take a lot of soap and some insect powder and go to the high summer ranges of the arid country, where Uncle Sam owns everything but the water supply.

You are impressed with the landscape. There is grass—plenty of it—and clear mountain springs. The mountains look hospitable and kindly. A few scattered cattle and horses are sleek and well fed. You cross the ridge and beyond, you see the scene change. It is not the same country. The clear air is obscured by blowing dust, the grass is gone as though a plague of locusts had passed by. The streams are filled with filth, and as you, unaccustomed, are wondering what it is all about, you hear coming down the tainted wind a continuous baaa-bey-y-y bah-h-h be-e-e, and know that the gentle, the romantic sheep is on the range.

You ride on, to the scene of pastoral felicity and finally get near enough to distinguish through the dust a mass of brown bodies pushing and crowding each other and working their way into the grass and the brush ahead of them. They nervously nip at every green thing in sight, and pass on to leave dust and smudge behind them. This is a mixed band of ewes and lambs, and a continual bleat goes up. Every lamb is lost most of the time, and lambs and ewes keep up an endless noise. You look about for Damon or Chloe or Phyllis, and you finally see seated on the hill above, a very dejected Portuguese, with a dog at his feet. He hasn't seen another human being for days, but takes absolutely no interest in your presence. The dog barks at you, but he doesn't call the dog off. The sheep look up with their silly faces and expressionless yellow eyes; but he is less concerned than the sheep.

Perhaps he is making poems to Phyllis on the inside of that greasy sombrero, perhaps he is hatching out some great philosophy behind that vague face. He has time enough, and there are the sheep—a poem is at least to be expected. You go near and speak to him, and bid him good morning, and ask him how things go with him. He looks up in a dazed way and remarks, "Sheeps—Bill Thoms' sheeps."

The sheep have worked near the water to bed down for the night, and have piled over each other with bleating beyond counting. They have lain down under the brush, 2,500 of them. Five thousand vacant yellow eyes are fixed on a point a thousand miles beyond nowhere and 2,500 underjaws are working as if they had the gum habit.

Damon meanwhile has wandered down to the creek, and, not at all particular as to quality of water, has filled his coffee-pot. He has built a fire and pulled out from under his blankets a frying pan full of hard, accumulated tallow. This he melts out and throws in some chunks of fat mutton, and then, fishing under the blankets again, he hauls out a loaf of bread and cuts off a couple of slices. You are there, and as a matter of course you eat—there is no invitation about it. If you can sop your bread in the hot grease and eat strong, unripe mutton; if you can stand the flavor of sheep in your coffee, you are entirely welcome. You hazard some remark to show appreciation of your entertainment. Your host takes a huge mouthful of tallowed bread and with difficulty remarks, "Can't spik Inglis, Bill Thoms' sheeps."

Damon is a faithful soul, but neither clean nor engaging. He stays by "Bill Thoms' sheeps" day and night and Sunday. Twice a week the camp tender moves his blankets and frying pan to a new watering place. Some bread is brought him from the main camp and he is either furnished some mutton from another band or he assists in dismembering one of his own pets. All through the summer he follows his lonely life in the mountains, and in the early fall works the "sheeps" down to the valleys, where they are sorted and put in new bands and turned out on the browse, where his employment is only varied by trying to keep warm. If Damon is in a country where rights are in question you may hear that Bill Thompson has lost a band of sheep, scattered by cowboys and finished by the coyotes.

And then you ask your informant about Damon. "Oh that locoed* Dago, he's dead I guess; they haven't looked for him yet." Such is the romance of the life of Damon, the lineal descendent of Vergil's shepherds.

And culpable for the mental and subsequent physical death of Damon is the gentle sheep. His is the blame for the Ohio congressman, and the protective tax on raw materials. He has filled the heart of the honest cow-puncher with homicide. He has permanently destroyed meadows and young forests, and, worst of all, he has put more useless stuff between the covers of books of romance and poetry than all the other animals that entered the ark.

Our press is now shifting the crime of "Rebellion" from the poor, ignorant yellow people of Luzon to that arch-fiend, Aguinaldo.

Aguinaldo is the politician of those parts, it would seem; he is the boss. He has caused an awful lying slander to be circulated to the effect that we Americans have done mean things to the Indians and therefore cannot be trusted with the Philippinos. This makes the hot newspaper blood to boil. General Otis does not intend to execute him if he catches him, in spite of this libelous *lese majeste*. That shows the magnanimity of our people. He will simply shut him up in a coop somewhere and not let him slander any more. As soon as Aguinaldo is out of the way there will be a yawning void. The simple natives will cry out for leadership—something Chicago has, and to spare. Let us show them the difference between the sordid, yellow style of Aguinaldo and our enlightened patterns. We will send over Bobby Burke and Thornton and Kipley. We will deprive ourselves of a governor, if need be. For generous measure we will throw in Pease and Jamieson and Lorimer and Hertz and Perry Hull and Madden. If these "leaders" cannot divide without squabbling, the people, it is to be hoped, will drown them all, and we will send over the great regulator of all the coördinate branches of government, who will take care of bench and bar and jury, of legislature, council, education and all the rest. Yes, for their sakes we will part with our striped "whole-thing," so that at once they will be relieved of the temptation to do violence in the protection of rights and of property. For he will jerk rights and property loose at one pull, even as an aching tooth is pulled. We will send over Chas. T. Yerkes to take Aguinaldo's place, and then the white man's burden will be obvious to them.

WILLIAM KENT.

*Spanish vernacular for crazy.

The Pulpit.

The Loneliness of Lincoln.

A sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, February 12, 1899.

Again the year has rolled around. The time has come when the nation recalls the giant figure of Abraham Lincoln. Again we come to our national study of the great emancipator and pay our tribute of love and reverence to the character whose sublimity is rooted in simplicity, whose majesty was grounded in goodness and whose power was the power of a tender heart and a living conscience. In the full perspective the most obvious quality of greatness is always its loneliness. The great tree towering above the forest, the mighty mountain looking down upon snow-clad ranges, the great river draining a continent are all haloed in solitude. Their very greatness dooms them to loneliness.

So it is in the fields of human nature. The mighty men of history stand above their kind as the pine towers above the forest. Channing, Fenelon, Epictetus, Paul—they were doomed at birth to loneliness, not through any fault of their own, but because few climbed where they dwelt. The thoughts, hopes and feelings of their associates were at home among the foothills. So absorbed and contented were they on the lower levels that they were not only unable to understand the thoughts, hopes and feelings of those on the summit, but they knew not of their existence. Here is the secret of martyrdom, the explanation of the fagot, the gallows and the cross. The multitude listening to the "Yea! yea!" of the lonely watchers on the heights, heard in the valley only "Nay! nay!" and they burned, hanged and crucified the message bearers because they misunderstood the message.

Lincoln was no exception to this rule. More and more as we appreciate the sublimity of his life, the more and more intense is the solitude that settles around his brow like the clouds that shroud in glory the mountain peak.

Let us study this morning this loneliness somewhat in detail, thereby studying him from one more angle.

Lincoln was isolated by his very body. Like Saul, the first king of Israel, he towered head and shoulders above his companions. His six feet four, his long arms, ponderous hands and roughly chiseled countenance all made him a marked man. When he was introduced to the artist Cruikshank, with a grim smile he said, "They used to call me 'Long Shanks' in Illinois." When inspecting Fortress Monroe and the uniformed officers of army and navy were busy in explaining to him the nature and action of the various implements of war, he stumbled upon an ax. Seizing it by the end of the helve in one hand, he held it out straight and said, "Gentlemen, here is an instrument that I need no introduction to. Can any of you do that?" And the epauletted retinue high in civic honors had to confess him their physical superior. When he was a boy he was afraid to trust himself in a contest of strength with others, lest his unconscious power might work permanent injury. Once a brawny policeman of Washington, in the line of his duty, had dealt a blow to a dangerous law-breaker which threatened to be fatal in its results. The officer sought the President and frankly stated the case, when the President assured him that he was safe, that no one could blame him for acting as he had done and that the law would protect him. The officer still hesitated and said, "I cannot sleep at the thought of the man's losing his life at my hand." With grim humor the President said in a consoling way, "Never mind; it can't now be helped. Only the next time you must punish a man don't strike him with your fist. Use a club, a crowbar or something that will not kill a man." His sympathy was spoken from experience.

His, also, was the solitude of the backwoodsman. The simplicity of the log cabin, the awkwardness of the frontier, marked him to the end. Although he walked the paved street of the capitol city and dwelt in the nation's white house; though he was sought by the titled, the cultured of the world, he never could escape the solitude of the rustic. Deep down in his great heart was a sense of his humble origin, his crude training and the awkwardness that belongs to the untraveled. "Politeness" is a word derived from a root indicating city. "Courteous" is derived from the word "court" and is allied to courtly manners. So much of politeness and of courtesy as belong to conventional training and society etiquette this plain man of the people was always stranger to.

When in the presence of a brilliant company in the White House, some pedantic visitor tossed off a Latin quotation, with the frankness of a child, this man, whose only college had been the log cabin with its pitch pine fire and tallow dip, said, "But you know, gentlemen, I do not understand that." Do not suppose for one moment that the man whose great solace was Shakespeare, who could write the Gettysburg address, who loved his Bible for its classic power and its literary strength, could have said that without the sense of the aching void which Homer, Cicero, Plato and Epictetus could in a measure have filled with delight and high appreciation. Had his origin been written in other than the "simple annals of the poor." Had college doors but opened to this man who had such high collegiate appetites and such splendid university possibilities, the classic masters would have been as ready to serve his wit as were the homely sayings of the backwoods. Only those to whom circumstances have refused to grant the privileges longed for, and who have been denied the opportunities nature fitted them for, can have some comprehension of the loneliness of this backwoodsman among his college companions, the solitude of this man of meager reading and of limited privileges among the widely read and the so-called "highly cultivated" of the nations. When the artist Carpenter urged him to go to the theater to hear Booth play "Richelieu," he asked, "Who wrote the play?" "Bulwer Lytton," was the reply. Said the burdened President, "I did not know that he had written plays. I knew that he had written stories, but do you know, I have never had time to read a novel through. I began once to read 'Ivanhoe,' but I never found time to finish it." When he ventured an opinion concerning the great painting of the Emancipation Proclamation, "Remember," he said, "mine is an unschooled opinion."

When, in 1860, the gaunt western lawyer made his first appearance before an eastern audience and delivered the great Cooper Institute address, the committee whose duty it was to present him, was abashed by his uncouth appearance. They were a little ashamed to appear on the platform with him, and he himself confessed to his law partner when he returned that the "boughten suit of black," which he picked up in Chicago on his way to New York, had become more wrinkled in the grip sack than he thought it would, and when he noticed the contrast between himself and the smoothly dressed gentlemen on the platform he felt sorry that his clothes did not fit him better.

An old sea captain of Cape Cod, after listening to the story of the Illinois rail splitter who had just been nominated for the presidency, expressed his disgust with the "consummate fools who nominated a man for the presidency who had never smelled salt water." And an Englishman expressed his contempt that a man could be thought of as fit for a president who

"bought a ten-cent beefsteak for his breakfast and carried it home himself."

It is an easy thing to laugh at these stories now. It is quite easy to note the shallowness of the criticism and to rejoice in the triumph of the man who rose above these limitations and in spite of his rusticity won the admiration of the polished world and made good his place among the cultivated and the learned of the world. But, friends, we do not understand that man yet if we cannot enter into the solitudes of that Patmos in which the great soul resided, sensitive and humble, conscious of the awful chasm that separated him from his ambition, stood between him and those whose esteem he coveted, whose support he craved. After the battle is over and won it is easy to applaud and to appreciate, but the price of that victory is not understood except by him who remembers the midnight vigils of the lonely vidette who stood by his post while comrades slept or, what is still worse, mocked at his isolation and his helplessness. Abraham Lincoln passed through the Garden of Gethsemane on the way to his Cooper Institute triumph. Before he was through no one noticed the wrinkles in his coat, and now happy is he who can shake hands with the man who was privileged to hear that speech, who remembers the thrilling power of that piercing voice as the mighty giant of the West arose beyond his six feet four and threw, as it were, from the end of his long finger at the breathless multitude the mighty peroration:

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

In the third place, Lincoln knew the loneliness of a tender heart. "Poor child, you do not know how much he will suffer if he lives," said the good parish priest to the grandmother of Jean Francois Millet after having had the peasant lad for a few weeks in his school. Oh, the loneliness of the pitying heart. How the path of the great President could have been smoothed for him if his ear had been less sensitive to the cry of the suffering, if his heart had been less vulnerable to the wail of the widowed and orphaned.

Mr. Carpenter, in his "Six Months in the White House," says: "It will be a permanent source of regret to the American people, a lasting loss to history, that there was not a special secretary appointed to make note of and to write out the history of the various pardons, pleas for mercy and ameliorating clemencies which were attended to by the President. In the absence of such a record, Mr. Carpenter's own little book is an inestimable treasure in American literature, if for no other reason that that during his six months' stay at the White House he had the eye to see the pitying President. He heard from the cabinet officers of the weakness of their chief. He saw the indignation of army officers over the canons of discipline that were outraged, but he heard also the benignant sentences, big with mercy, falling from the lips of the great-hearted President. He heard the "Do not ask me to approve these executions. There are too many widows already." When the young soldier was sentenced for sleeping at his post he heard the President saying, "I do not think that shooting will do him any good." When overwhelmed with care, the cry of a child in the hall attracted his attention and the woman who had been haunting the vestibule for three days was promptly admitted and her plea granted. Old Daniel, the black servant, whose duty it was to guard the door, tugged at her shawl as she passed out and said, "It was the baby that did it, ma'am." Carpenter heard another mother, going down the steps with her face bathed in tears, saying to Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, "I knew it was a copperhead lie. It was a lie." "What is?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Why, they told me he was an ugly-looking man. He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life." How literally true this must have been to her, for he had just said to that mother, "I will sign the pardon for that poor boy."

In those days of suddenly acquired power, of undisciplined volunteers, jealous officers, excited civilians, how lonely must have been the heart that could stop to hear the story of the imbecile boy that was defrauded, of the discouraged soldier that had deserted, of the exhausted boy who slept upon his post. Said the Judge Advocate General of the Army, Judge Holt, "He is without exception the most tender-hearted man I ever knew." When a high public functionary, anticipating the clemency of the great heart, toward the close of the rebellion, waited upon him and indignantly declared that any clemency to these traitors would indicate that he was losing his mind. "Mr. President," said he, "they should be hanged higher than Haman, sir." The President replied, "When the moment has come and the hanging policy you recommend is adopted, will you agree to be chief executioner? If so, I will at once appoint you brigadier-general and prospective public hangman of the United States. Will you serve if so appointed?" The outraged senator informed the President that he was a gentleman, incapable of doing such "dirty work."

"As a law-abiding citizen, you are no more exempt from what you call 'dirty work' than if you were not a gentleman," was the reply.

"Let down the bars and scare them off," was his word. "There has been killing enough." He hoped that even "Jeff Davis might escape all unbeknown to himself. He had no use for him."

Closely connected with this tender heart we discover in Lincoln the loneliness of grief. On a previous occasion we noted the sorrow-smitten lover laying his heart in the grave of Ann Rutledge. We see the President's mind clouded with grief for little Willie. When staying for a time at Fortress Monroe with some members of his cabinet, awaiting tidings from the peninsula, sitting alone in his room with his favorite Shakespeare, he called in an aide, and said, "Colonel, come in here. You have been writing long enough. I want to read you a passage in 'Hamlet,'" and he read the debate concerning the future state; then from the third act of 'King John," in which Constance bewails her imprisoned boy:

> "And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
> That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;
> If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

Then, overcome with emotion, he told of how he dreamed of his lost boy Willie, and dropped his head on the table and sobbed aloud. Next day Norfolk was taken, but that cheer could not fill the vacant places in that fatherly heart.

Perhaps the deepest of all loneliness is that loneliness that fails to find communion or confidence in oneself. It is a common saying that his contemporaries did not appreciate Lincoln, that his neighbors did not understand him, and that yet we know not how to measure him. The saddest of it all is that Lincoln was a stranger to himself. His was the humility that belongs to great souls, the magnanimity that is generous to all mankind, but severe to himself.

The Gettysburg address represents not only the masterpiece of Abraham Lincoln, but perhaps the high-water mark of American oratory, immortality in two hundred and sixty-eight words. Edward Everett, the orator of the occasion, is reported to have said, "How gladly would I have exchanged my hundred pages for your one." But the best evidence seems to show that on that day few saw its power, least of all Abraham Lincoln. In homely phrase he confessed to the marshal, his friend Lamon, "That speech will not

scour. It fell on the audience like a wet blanket. I ought to have prepared it with more care." And Mr. Lamon thinks that he went to his grave with the same opinion. And we on this side had to wait for the English critics to discover and first proclaim the classic merit of the deathless utterance. In that speech Lincoln rose not only above the level of his hearers, but out of and beyond himself. His was the loneliness of the upper air, the loneliness that goes with magnanimity, the large mindedness that is more conscious of the oversoul than soul, more in league with God than with man. How unconsciously friend and foe rested in that magnanimity that was beyond the will and judgment of Lincoln himself. When, at the close of the rebellion, a committee of the southern people waited upon him, begging for clemency, the President was inflexible. They had committed a high crime and it must be punished. "Then, Mr. President," said the chairman, "if we understand your correctly, you think that we of the Confederacy have committed treason; that we are traitors to your government; that we have forfeited our rights and are proper subjects for the hangman?"

"That is about the size of it, General," said the President.

But the spokesman, after a pause, with a smile on his face, said, "Well, Mr. Lincoln, we have about concluded that we shall not be hanged as long as you are president, if we behave ourselves."

John Stuart Mill pronounced Abraham Lincoln "the greatest citizen who has afforded a noble example of the qualities befitting the first magistrate of a free people," while the *London Spectator* spoke of him as "certainly the best if not the ablest man ruling over any country in the civilized world." But on those supreme heights, whereon Lincoln dwelt, the "best" and the "ablest" are synonymous terms. His power can never be understood until it is realized that it was born out of a conscience so large that it permeated heart, will and judgment. His was the solitude of honesty. When his nomination was pending in Chicago some of his friends telegraphed him that the nomination could be secured if the heads of certain delegations could be promised cabinet appointments or something in that direction. He telegraphed back, "I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none."

When the preachers begged him to solicit the cooperation of the Lord he said, "I do not want the Lord on my side; I perfer to be on the Lord's side, for I know he is right."

Friends, no one can wait for the slow movings of God, can take counsel of the Almighty, can stand independent of convention and criticism, stand out and up in the face of friends as well as foes, without knowing the solitudes that belong to the mountain peak or the mighty ocean.

> "Because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence,"

is a quotation from Tennyson which is said to have been a favorite of his. This independence not only in the great affairs of the state, but in the lesser affairs of the home and his personal life, is an evidence of that sublimity of character that ever pierces the solitudes of earth. You dismiss these personal traits with the easy compliment of "simple tastes," "rural habits," or some other innocent imbecility, as if simplicity and taste were easily acquired and easily lived up to. Simplicity of habit always means strength of character. Simplicity unaided by conscience and undirected by will runs riot as easily as do luxury and metropolitan complexity.

When the committee arrived at Springfield to acquaint him with his nomination in Chicago in 1860 they were received in his parlor. Governor Morgan of New York made the official announcement. In response Lincoln spoke of the vast responsibilities, of his insufficiency, but if it was a duty imposed upon him he would not shrink. And then he summoned the maid, who soon brought in a large pitcher of water with several glass tumblers, and Mr. Lincoln rose and said:

"Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man—it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion—it is pure Adam's ale from the spring," and, taking a tumbler he touched it to his lips and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water.

Here was something more than simple taste. Here was sublime independence. Here was organized conscience, embodied principle, the guaranty of character which must have shattered the artificial standards of hospitality, the conventional courtesies and bibulous habits of that dignified committee, like a stone thrown through glass, although these conventions were the product of the generations and the inheritance of all the past.

Such a man could be trusted "never to recede from a position." Such a man could wait for the fullness of time, when his plans would fit into the plans of providence and the swing of his clock keep time with the swing of history.

One of the surprises in the Lincoln literature is the alleged restoration of the famous lost Bloomington speech, delivered in 1856 at the mass convention that gave birth to the Republican party in this state. The common explanation is that this impromptu effort was such an outpouring of pent-up feeling and accumulative judgment that it swept the convention off its feet. The reporters forgot their notes, and after it was all over with, speaker or listener could not reproduce the mighty torrent. Of the inadequacy of the reportorial force there can be no doubt, but Mr. Medill, who was present, intimates that Lincoln's reluctance to undertake to reproduce it in the face of many petitions, sprang from the subtle knowledge that the time had not yet come when the people would accept the stalwart utterances, and he preferred to let the burning sentences work in the memory of those who heard it until in the fullness of time, the timidity of even the open-eyed would give way and they would be ready to accept the dire alternative and to act on the lines of conscience rather than of expediency. The same way with the Emancipation Proclamation. He foresaw it long before it was written. He wrote it some weeks, if not some months, before it was given publicity. Lincoln could wait. He had sublime patience and lived in the divine loneliness of that preoccupation that had no time to correct mistakes, to reconcile enemies or to court personal favors or even justice to himself. Wending his way in the upper air like the waterfowl, impelled by a force he little understood, and lured by tropic glades he knew not of.

No great man misunderstood another great man more sadly than did Horace Greeley misunderstand the great war president. But in the face of repeated mistakes and misinterpretations concerning Lincoln, he answers an open letter of Horace Greeley, in which he says, "If there be any statements which I know to be erroneous, I do not now controvert them. If there be any inferences which I believe to be false I do not now argue against them. If there be an impatient and dictatorial tone I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right." Mr. Whitney was the young lawyer who did not lose his head at the Bloomington convention, and did take notes, and forty years after the delivery, wrote out from memory and from his notes that Bloomington speech, and it was published in *McClure's Magazine*. Editor Medill calls it "a remarkable reproduction." In that lost speech, ac-

cording to Mr. Whitney, he appealed to the sense and patriotism of the people and said:

"Let us spread the floods of enthusiasm here aroused all over the vast prairies so suggestive of freedom," and then with prophetic vision he continued:

"There is both a power and a magic in popular opinion. To that let us now appeal, and while in all probability no resort to force will be needed, our moderation and forebearance will stand us in good stead, when, if ever, we must make an appeal to battle and to the God of hosts!!"

In less than five years the appeal to battle came, and this lawyer of the prairie circuit was directing the mighty destiny of the struggle.

F. B. Carpenter describes his first glimpse of the President as he entered upon his six months' residence in the White House, to paint the great historic picture, as follows:

"I caught a glimpse of the gaunt figure of Mr. Lincoln in the distance, haggard-looking, dressed in black, relieved only by the prescribed white gloves, standing, it seemed to me, solitary and alone, though surrounded by the crowd, bending low now and then in the process of handshaking and responding half abstractedly to the well-meant greetings of the miscellaneous assemblage. Never shall I forget the electric thrill which went through my whole being at this instant. I seemed to see lines radiating from every part of the globe, converging to a focus at the point where that plain, awkward-looking man stood, and to hear in spirit a million prayers, 'as the sound of many waters,' ascending in his behalf. Mingled with supplication I could discern a clear symphony of triumph and blessing, swelling with an ever-increasing volume. It was the voice of those who had been bondmen and bondwomen, and the grand diapason swept up from the coming ages."

There he stands still, a focal point in the history of America, a glow-point in the history of the world, in the loneliness of his great work, which is best represented by the Emancipation Proclamation, which he himself characterized as the great event of the nineteenth century, an event which as a nation we have not yet begun to appreciate. He broke shackles, glorified freedom, would not willingly put a thorn in any man's bosom.

I have not heart to mention the contrast that forces itself upon my mind at the present time. Again our flag of battle waves. Again our President makes and unmakes campaigns, again brave boys give their blood for their country. Heaven help us! What a difference. Has it come to this—that the land of Lincoln would again degrade and subject the darkened children of the orient, take from them by force the land which God has given them by right of birth and by destiny? Do we now justify all this, as the slave masters of the South justified their domination fifty years ago, on the score of a skin more tawny, of a brain less cultivated, of inadequate intelligence? Is it the old story that these men who dwell on the far off islands of the seas, in their simplicity, aye, call it their barbarity if you will, have no right which a democratic government is bound to respect, no wishes we are bound to consult, but that the land they walk upon can be bought from under their feet of a power they never honored, a power that never justified their claim? Has it come to this? Oh, spirit of Lincoln, return to us, in the sublimity of thy conscience, in the tenderness of thy heart, in the patience of thy will. We need to know our Abraham Lincoln, to pierce the solitudes, dissipate the loneliness of that character. Oh, that we might see him as the poor colored woman of Philadelphia, Caroline Johnson, the hospital nurse, saw him as she presented to him some token of the colored man's love, and when an opportunity was offered her to say a few words, at first the presence of the great president overawed her into silence, then with arms crossed upon her breast, she yielded to the spirit of the occasion and said:

"Mr. President, I believe God has hewn you out of a rock for this great and mighty purpose. Many have been led away by bribes of gold, of silver, of presents, but you have stood firm, because God was with you, and if you are faithful to the end He will be with you."

With his eyes full of tears he walked round and examined the present, pronounced it beautiful, thanked her kindly, but said: "You must not give me the praise—it belongs to God."

A Presbyterian Plea for Brotherhood.

"God does not hold us responsible for those conditions over which we have no control. Yet to hear some people talk you would suppose that our God was a huge monster, a great tyrant. That he never drinks unless he lifts a bloody skull to his cracked lip; that he never laughs unless he laughs in the exultant cry of the wild gloating over the slain or in the long-drawn-out hiss of the serpent about to strike, and that his very prayer is a condemnation.

"Do you suppose God blames me because I have blue eyes instead of black, because you are 5 feet 10 inches instead of 6 feet tall? Do you suppose that I am held accountable because I was born in the United States instead of being born in England, or because, having been a native of New York state instead of having lived upon a Louisiana plantation, that there is any honor to me because I fought under Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman, instead of having followed Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee? And by the same law do you believe that there are children in hell less than a span long, or that millions upon millions of heathen in Africa every year are damned for not accepting Jesus Christ and the Bible, when the gospel has never been presented to them?

"You know some people have gone stark mad upon the question of the Catholic church. They think the name of the pope is only another name for the devil. As Henry Ward Beecher once said, 'There are some people who only believe in two doctrines for Christianity. First, do you love the Lord? Yes. Secondly, do you hate the Catholics? Yes. Then step right into heaven.'

"My friends, I myself could never be a Catholic, but I firmly believe that some of the best men I have ever known were not only members of the Catholic church, but Catholic priests. And some of them I never expect to meet in heaven, because I believe that they are so good that God will honor them with a seat so near the throne that I, on the outskirts of the multitude, will never be able to even touch the hem of their garments.

"Who to-day is the mightiest influence for temperance in America, if not in the world? Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who dares stand up and speak when he knows that nineteen-twentieths of all the saloon-keepers in that city are among his parishioners. And yet he dares to despise them because he knows he is right."—*Frank De Witt Talmage, Pastor of Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago.*

Meseems I feel his presence. Is he dead?
Death is a word. He lives and grander grows.
At Gettysburg he bows his bleeding head;
He spreads his arms where Chickamauga flows
As if to clasp old soldiers to his breast,
Of South or North no matter which they be,
Not thinking of what uniform they wore,
His heart a palimpsest,
Record on record of humanity,
Where love is first and last forevermore.

—*From Lincoln's Grave, by Maurice Thompson.*

The Study Table.

Literature gives us an article on the "Destiny of the Letter R in America." This letter has completely passed out of refined conversation in Virginia, but Mr. Howells affirms that the New Englanders for store, more and door, will say stoa, moa, doa. He is equally sure that in the West the R is particularly in usage where it does not belong. He thinks that the letter R will not disappear, but will hold its own where now used, and will roll back again to the East and South. *Literature* is a remarkably good gazette of criticism and just the thing for those who love books. But there are also articles of special value to those who like to look on the business side of affairs.

The *Open Court* comes to us with a splendid article by Prof. Ribot, of the College of France, on "The Intelligence of Animals." It is a capital piece of analysis.

The January *Arena* compels me to take back what I said, or implied, of its previous issue, under the new management. This number will bear the closest examination from the first articles by Charles Dudley Warner, on the "Making of Criminals," to the last, on "The Passing of the Revivalist," by Rev. David Utter. The editorials are peculiarly good. The article by Editor Dresser on "What Is the New Thought," is keen and thorough. We have also something excellent on "The Duty of Christians," by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. A plaintive plea against our new colonial policy comes from J. Randolph Tucker. The sentiment is just one hundred years old. But I repeat what I said last month, that the *Arena* has escaped from the insanity of egotism, which has possessed it for some time past.

Do you want something good? Then send to Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker of Ann Arbor for a few copies of his splendid monograph, entitled "A Plea for Sincerity in Religious Thought." I believe these are for free distribution, and you could not get a better thing for the asking. It is published by the American Unitarian Association at Boston.

A specially valuable and very much needed volume is published by A. M. Marquis & Co., in Chicago, entitled "Who's Who in America?" The object is to place before the public a brief biographical sketch of everyone in the United States who has come into public notice, and concerning whom inquiry will probably be made. The book is admirably printed and gotten up in the best of style. It is a book that will be of value to almost every reader, and especially useful in office work. The price of the volume is $2.75.

Farm papers are something that it is presumed that anybody can edit. A country that has produced men like the Downings, Barry and Wilder ought to know better. I am glad to have every week laid before me a paper—*Farm and Fireside*—that is edited by a man with brains; on broad national principles; with a thorough comprehension of the relations of agriculture to the other industries, and as good a comprehension of the fundamental principles of a federal republic. The contributors are for the most part not mere soil-scratchers, but men who think as they work and whose work is an inspiration. I do not know of any hope for the United States that is more encouraging than a reaction from city life to country life.

I have said before that the *Literary Digest* is an absolute necessity to those who would keep in line with the progress of thought and achievement. It is really a wonderful success. I do not see how any thinking man can get along without it. It constitutes a record of current history that is unequaled elsewhere.

Three letters lie on the table from ministers, asking for books, either for their own use, or church libraries, or other good work. The best answer is that any minister or other liberal, can act as agent for my books, "Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," "Nullification and Secession," and retain one-third of the price of each volume; for such purposes are suggested in these letters. There are six yawning college libraries near by me absorbing a large proportion of the current publications that reach the table.

On the table I find a most welcome book from Putnam's, with the compliments of the author, Dwight Hinckley Olmstead. This is the third edition of "The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief." It is the work of an eminent lawyer of New York City. It is a scholarly and valuable work, full of research, thought and moral power. The argument is admirably compact and the style thoroughly readable. The logic hinges on the hypothesis, which he demonstrates, that salvation is not a proper incentive to the performance of duty. All belief he shows to be involuntary. The admirable spirit of the book is seen in such passages as "Religion in its noblest, broadest acceptation recognizes no ultimate authority foreign to the person itself. It defines no peculiar belief, which is orthodox to-day and heterodox to-morrow. With increasing intelligence and a higher moral culture comes a juster sense of mutual relations and responsibilities, and the conformity of men to those ideas in any age measures in history the Christianity as well as civilization of that period. The religious spirit of our age demands the statement of a rational principle, which deduces morality from the sense of moral obligation, and justifies all truly good men, of whatever creed or race, who have ever lived." In fact, the final religion is morality; that is, goodness. Mr. Olmstead comes from an independent stock, and justifies his heredity. E. P. P.

A Correction.

I regret that my notice of Dr. Orello Cone's "St. Paul" attributes to the author a view which he expressly rejects, the view that before conversion Paul had a personal knowledge of Jesus. Incredible as it may seem, I had not intended to attribute this opinion, but only to dissent from the inference, whether of personal or other knowledge, from the phrase in II Cor. v:16. Virtually, the sentence means "Whether or not we have known Christ." Such an expression does not oblige us to fix upon any seeing or mental conception as an actual fact. What my words implied was due to inexcusable carelessness. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the thrill of the bird;
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest word.

O, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
And have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed do the master whose genius bequeathed it;
O, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning—the stars pall and few,
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew.

The old harpstrings quiver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain;
The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again.

To the dying composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen."
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the only way to see the British Museum was to take lodgings close by when you were a boy, and to stay in the museum from nine to five every day until you were an old man; then you would begin to have some notion of what this institution contains.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Thou didst not choose thine own time to come into existence; but when the Universe had need of thee.
MON.—That which thou wouldst not suffer thyself, seek not to lay upon others.
TUES.—Can a man resolve and so stand up faultless? This much he can—to be ever striving toward faultlessness.
WED.—No man is damaged by an action which is not his own.
THURS.—When you decide that a thing ought to be done, and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it.
FRI.—Whatsoever things may come to pass, it lies with me to have it serve me.
SAT.—Thou art not flesh and hair, but a Will; if thou keep this beautiful, then wilt thou be beautiful.

—*Epictetus.*

The Children.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed!

—*Charles Dickens.*

The Surety.

One Sunday afternoon a big boy stood at the door of a Sunday-school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The superintendent said, "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school, sir," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back if we could secure his good behavior. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang his bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again; but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behavior. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said "they knew him too well." The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice, saying, "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you! Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again, I'm to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me, never!"

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them." When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to the mother, "Where is your son Tom?"

"Oh! he's just gone up-stairs with a great boy that he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh yes, sir."

The superintendent went slowly and gently up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the big boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying, "Oh Lord, make this boy that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best boy."

The big bad boy did become one of the best boys in the school. And he raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and, after that, sent him to college.—*From an old Scrap-book.*

Two Little Neighbors.

There is a little baby living in an apartment in New York who slept by day because there lived in the walls of the same flat a little mouse who gave concerts. Nobody knew about this mouse, but all supposed it was a bird who chose to sing at night. After a time cake and bread were nibbled, and the housekeeper, who was the mother of the baby, said: "We must get a trap; we cannot have food destroyed this way." The trap was bought and set, and the bait eaten, showing that the mouse got out of the trap as easily as he got in. That was not to be tolerated. So a new trap with finer wires was bought and baited, and a little mouse sat happily in it in the very early morning, singing. The family were delighted. They would gladly feed a singing mouse. A box with plenty of room and all the conveniences for a musical mouse, as the trappers understood his needs, was provided. A piece of carpet was put in the bottom of the cage one cold night, and in the morning it was found made into a cozy, warm, woolen nest in the corner of the cage. Mr. Mouse had spent the intervals between singing his songs, in raveling his carpet to make a bed. He will not eat cheese; perhaps he thinks it is not good for his voice. He seems quite happy in his new home, and is growing fast. He sings at night, and in the daytime is put in the dark. At night he and the baby are not close neighbors. He is regularly fed, and does not have to nibble his neighbors' food.—*The Outlook.*

Fear nothing, blame nothing, flee nothing—so much as thy vices and thy sins.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

"The man who borrows trouble usually insists on loaning it to everyone about him."

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Pittsburg.—A unique service was that which recently re-dedicated Temple Beth Zion in this city, at which dedication the Rev. Augustus I. Kieffer, rector of the Church of the Ascension, made the leading address. It is another sign of the times, when an Episcopal clergyman lends his voice to the dedication of a Jewish Temple, and when the temper of his address can best be indicated by the following brief and inadequate extract:

"Many are the things which divide men; but there are more and deeper and holier things which are common to the hopes and needs of all. The differences between you and me are most marked—a chasm that many consider impossible to bridge; and as you are honest in your convictions, you expect me as being equally honest in mine to abate not one jot or tittle of them on this and all occasions. I believe with my whole soul that God manifests himself in humanity—not in any exceptional instance, but in all men, according to their capacity to receive Him."

Madison, Wis.—Sunday Evening Services for the People.—Rev. W. D. Simonds is giving his tenth series Sunday evening lectures, on the following topics:

"Greater America—An Ideal Destiny."

"He is a free man whom the truth makes free;
And all are slaves besides."

"The Men who Inspired Abraham Lincoln."

"On some faces there is only a date;
On others a history."

"Victor Hugo and His Critics."

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above:
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

"Queen Catharine—A Study of the Women of Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare—the most profound and dramatic of moralists."—*Guizot.*

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"Christian Science, Faith Cure, and the Practice of Medicin."

"The ink of science is more precious than the blood of martyrs."—*Arabic Saying.*

New Harmony, Ind.—The trustees of the woman's library of this place have just received a donation of forty-two thousand dollars from the hands of Doctor Murphy, an elderly citizen of the place, fifteen thousand dollars of which is to be set aside as a lecture course fund. "Go thou and do likewise," thou who hast more money than thou canst take with thee.

Personal.—Probably the oldest lecturer still on the platform is J. Stanley Grimes of Evanston, who is ninety-one years old. He has been sixty-five years before the public and is still talking. Doubtless the habit of inveterate speech will kill any man who indulges in it sooner or later, but it seems to do its work slowly in many cases.

Church Unity.—The Unitarian and Congregational churches of Santa Barbara, California, are leading the way toward better things. If we understand the press notices, Mr. Forbes of the Congregational church and Mr. Dinsmore of the Unitarian church are uniting their forces in union Sunday evening services. In answer to the local press that pled for denominational fences, Mr. Dinsmore, speaking in the orthodox pulpit, recently said:

"I know not who he may be, for he hides behind a *nom de plume,* but he assumes to be wiser than Paul, who wrote to the Corinthians, 'I beseech you that there be no division among you;' wiser than the Master, who prayed for those who should believe on him 'that they may be one.' He writes like a politician of the partisan stripe who finds place and profit in dissension, one of the kind who have kept alive the ante-bellum animosities, who fans the flames of sectionalism to his advantage. Fancy commending the multiplication of religious organizations, to the manifest disadvantage of true religion, on the ground that many states compose our glorious Union. Perhaps he thinks four daily papers are better for our community than two.

"Let it be known that the man whose life is controlled by the principles of Benevolence and Justice belongs to the kingdom of righteousness, and that any church which bars him out because he will not profess to believe a lot of rubbish formulated by narrow-minded fossils is not a Church of God. Whittier has the indorsement of all open-eyed men and women, as well as the Scriptures, when he says:

"'What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility?
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust and prayer for light to see
The Master's footsteps in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge or sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise,
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Fast-rooted in the faith that God is good.'

"And all who cannot unite upon that basis are not Christians, although they may be very zealous sectarians."

The sermon closed with reference to the Monk Telemachus, who lost his life at the hands of the outraged multitude when he sought to stop the gladiatorial combats at Christian Rome, and the assurance that if those who sought to put a stop to the contention between Christian factions should be beaten down by those who found place and profit in the strife, still it was a cause well worth suffering for.

The service closed with a few well-chosen words by Mr. Forbes and the benediction by the pastor of Unity church: "In the name of Him who came not to be ministered unto, let us seek, through the service of men, to render service to God, and by our faith in humanity to prove that we believe in God."

The Inheritance of the Liberal.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in a recent sermon said:

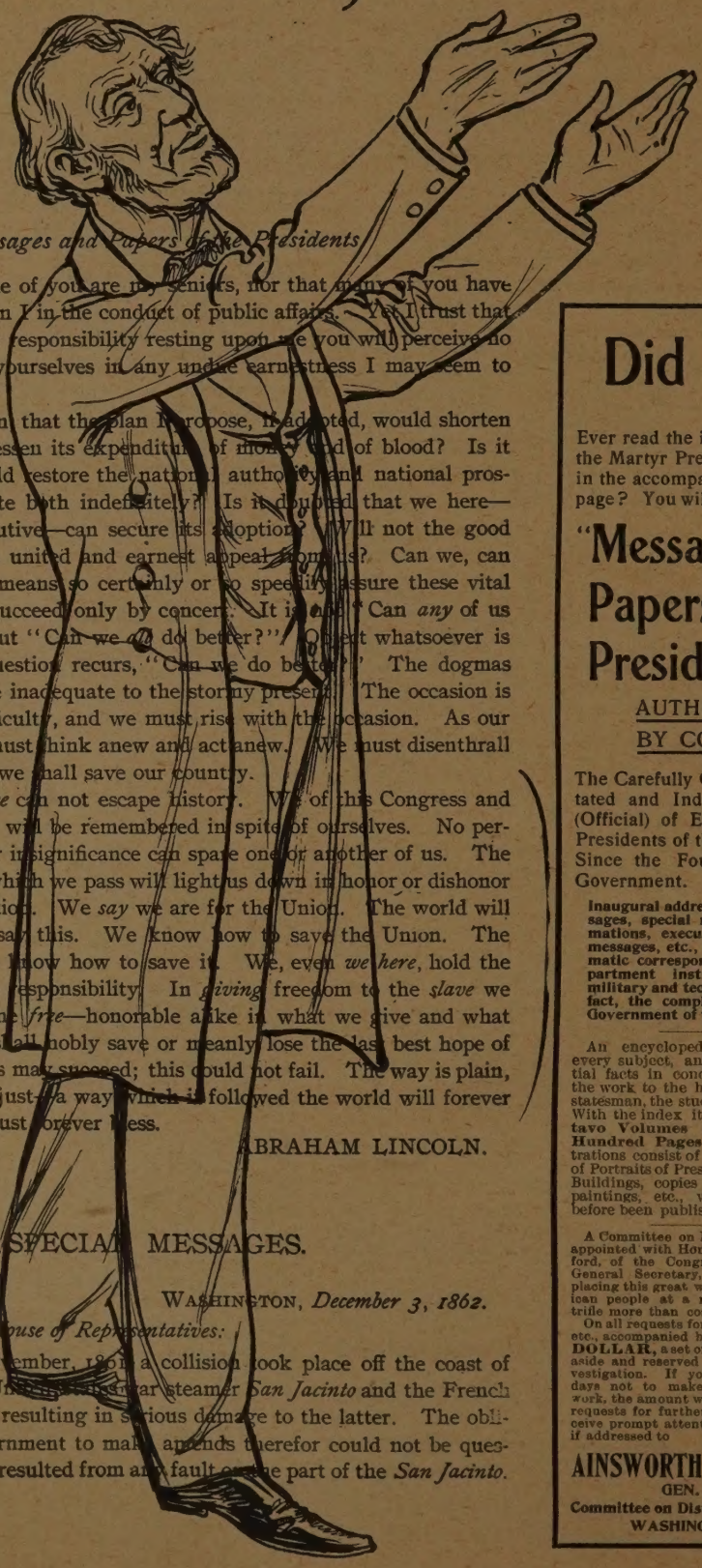
"The liberal Christian inherits freedom. He receives not only a Bible, but freedom to read and study it for its best and fullest message. He receives a Sabbath, and freedom to observe it as the spirit shall direct. He receives the institution of public worship, but also freedom to make it fill his greatest needs, to amend, to enrich, or to simplify as his need appoints. He receives a body of opinion, and a free mind to accept to alter and to fulfill it. He receives a moral sanction which is given him with freedom from petty and trivial injunctions, and which is open to every new inspiration and force which modern life may give.

"Christianity itself had a rich heritage, that of the noblest religion of the older past, of Judaism itself. Christianity also received rich gifts from Greece and Rome. Yet Christianity is not all. God has left Himself without witness in no time and among no people. The heritage of the present is all of the past. The heritage of the free mind is all of truth, of the soul is all of love and piety. Therefore, the heritage of the liberal Christian is God's word to Buddha, to Plato, to the poet and the scientist, to the thinker and the prophet everywhere.

"'All of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad.'

"It is the duty of the liberal Christian to enter into his fullest inheritance, to make it his, to live it out in his daily life. The richest possible life, the life of fullest truth, of deepest reverence, of most constant praise, is open to him. On every hand are his inspirations. And the Christ-spirit calls him to the life that shall inherit the kingdom of God, to become joint heirs with the Christ of Galilee in the life of love, of service, and of patient trust and hope."

LINCOLN, Poet and Prophet



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do I forget that some of you are my seniors, nor that many of you have more experience than I in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust that, in view of the great responsibility resting upon me you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves in any undue earnestness I may seem to display.

Is it doubted, then, that the plan I propose, if adopted, would shorten the war, and thus lessen its expenditure of money and of blood? Is it doubted that it would restore the national authority and national prosperity and perpetuate both indefinitely? Is it doubted that we here—Congress and Executive—can secure its adoption? Will not the good people respond to a united and earnest appeal from us? Can we, can they, by any other means so certainly or so speedily assure these vital objects? We can succeed only by concert. It is not "Can *any* of us *imagine* better?" but "Can we all do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, *we* can not escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We *say* we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We, even *we here*, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which if followed the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPECIAL MESSAGES.

WASHINGTON, *December 3, 1862.*

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

On the 3d of November, 1861, a collision took place off the coast of Cuba between the United States war steamer *San Jacinto* and the French brig *Jules et Marie*, resulting in serious damage to the latter. The obligation of this Government to make amends therefor could not be questioned if the injury resulted from any fault on the part of the *San Jacinto*.

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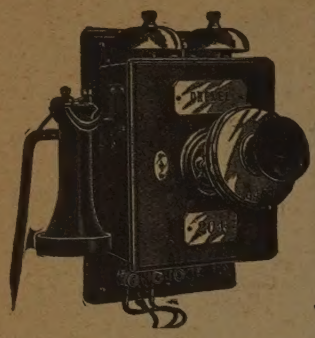

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